

# THE ILLINOIS



# FREE TRADER

AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

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All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

## JOB WORK

Of every description, executed in the neatest manner, at the usual prices.

OTPAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

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## TEA.

TEA—“Oh, that's the Rose for me.”  
The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,  
Is not the drink for me;  
It kills the body and the soul,  
How sad a sight is he!  
But there's a drink which God hath given,  
Distilling in the showers of heaven,  
In mercies large and free;  
O, that's the drink for me, O, that's, &c.  
The stream that many prize so high,  
Is not the stream for me;  
For he who drinks it still is dry,  
Forever dry he'll be.  
But there's a stream so cool and clear,  
The thirsty traveller fingers near,  
Refreshed and glad is he;  
O, that's the stream for me, O, that's, &c.  
The wine-cup that so many prize,  
Is not the cup for me;  
The aching head—the bloated face,  
In its train I see;  
But there's a cup of water pure,  
And he who drinks it may be sure  
Of health and length of days;  
O, that's the cup for me, O, that's, &c.

## From the Democratic Review.

## Death in the School Room.

## A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling! went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention, and when those had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low, thick set man, and his name was Lugare.

“Boys,” said he, “I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir.”

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair looking boy, of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing good humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him and the stern and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless child hood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown, which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be governed better than by lashes, and tears, and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old-fashioned schoolmasters, with his cow-hide, his heavy birch-rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned monument of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

“Were you by Mr. Nichols's garden fence last night?” said Lugare.

“Yes, sir,” answered the boy, “I was.”

“Well, sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?”

“I have not been robbing,” replied the

boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. “And I didn't do any thing last night that I'm ashamed to own.”

“No impudence!” exclaimed the teacher passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy rattan, “give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog.”

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

“And pray, sir,” continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features, “what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?”

“I went that way because it is on my way home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance, and—and—but I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving.”

“You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols's garden fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something another on your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in that bag?”

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain drops.

“Speak, sir!” exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his rattan on the desk.

The boy looked as if he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

“Speak, I say!” again thundered Lugare, and his hand, grasping his rattan, lowered above his head in a very significant manner.

“I hardly can, sir,” said the poor fellow, faintly. His voice was husk and thick.

“I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well.”

“Oh yes, that's very likely;” and Mr. Lugare, bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. “Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough, and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the state. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichols's melons for many a month to come—go to your seat.”

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a word, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and, laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for, during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had lived in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly and emaciated infant, whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family.

Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease, but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age, and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much poverty and discomfort, without repining each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer, named Jones, who, with his elder brother, worked a large farm on shares. Jones very frequently made him a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped, because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful object of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition, which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of “charity,” as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be in waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols's garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew he would have no mercy on him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy.

Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaped himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with the longest and stoniest rattan before him.

“Now, Barker,” he said, “we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here.”

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long drawn breath.

“Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here and take off your jacket!”

The boy did not stir no more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as if slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic arts is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

“Tim is asleep, sir,” at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

“Asleep, are you, my young gentleman?” said he, “let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little dogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake.”

Lugare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his rattan firmly and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper.

The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes

and feeling delights which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his rattan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and wacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end a few minutes from very weariness. Still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rattan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him. *The boy was dead!* He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging a corpse!

## Drawing a Chalk-line:

## Or Reserving the Right of Passage.

## An Incident founded on Fact.

This is a strange world, or, if you please, many strange things occur in this world—either way suits you—and among the strange things which happen in this strange world, some are ludicrous and some are serious—some are one thing, and some another. Many things, too, which take place, are shrouded in the dark pall of mystery, and remain unknown and inexplicable, till some chance of fate or fortune draws aside the veil from our vision, and we behold objects which before we had not thought of.—Thus has it been with the present story, which we are about to unfold. Like a sweet flower blushing unseen, it has long remained concealed. But chance has given it to us, and we shall now give to our readers the story of *Drawing a Chalk-line, or Reserving the Right of Passage.*

“Once upon a time” there came to this city a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the science of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a “little sprinkling” of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital and had a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners—courteous yet cold—and he thus addressed his new companion:—

“Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom could I ever agree—we never could pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim that nearest the window.”

The Kentuckian consented.

“Now,” says the Frenchman, “I'll draw the ‘boundary line’ between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights,” and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, midway, from one side of the room to the other. “Sir,” he added, “I hope you have no objection to the treaty.”

“None in the world, sir,” answered the stranger, “I am perfectly satisfied with it.” He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged; while “Old Kentuck” was watching him, and thinking what a singular genius he must be, and how he might “fix” him.

Things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung—the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and mustachios, and essayed to depart.

“Stand, sir!” said the stranger, suddenly placing himself with his toe to the mark, directly before the French student, “if you cross that line, by —, you're a dead man!”

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed—“Is it possible I did not reserve the right of passage?”

“No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this line at your peril.”

“But how shall I get out of the room?”

“There is a window which you reserved to yourself—you may use that; but you pass not that—my door, which you generously left me.”

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not “what it's cracked up to be,” said to his new friend—“Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable, I'll rub out that hateful chalk-line and let you pass.”

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that “boundary question” they have been the very best of friends.—N. O. Picayune.

## From the Cultivator.

## Signs of Better Times.

1. All agricultural produce commands a fair, steady, compensating price, alike removed from the depressed state which sometimes has existed, or the unnatural inflation through which we have just passed.

2. Speculation has had its day, and the thousands who have been ruined, have had time to repent at their leisure. The mass of the nation are convinced that honest industry, and slow and sure profits, are far preferable to the haphazard and demoralizing influence of such haste to be rich.

3. Agriculture, it is evident, is assuming its proper place in the estimation of the public. This may be attributed in part to the knowledge respecting it, which has been distributed by agricultural journals, and in part to the results of the agricultural census, the results of which have demonstrated the paramount importance of this interest.

4. We find evidence that the mass of reading men begin to think and demand information on the subject of agriculture, in the fact that all our leading newspapers and most influential journals, are in the habit of devoting a part of their publications to the dissemination of papers interesting to the farmer.

5. In the processes of farming, yearly advances are making. We have this year seen crops of the heaviest growth, where, a few years since, a quaking bog existed; better and more productive kinds of corn and other grain have been brought to notice; the culture of roots has been introduced, and found a most important auxiliary to the farmer; and more attention is paid to the cleaning of land, and the destruction of weeds, than formerly.

6. Superior breeds of cattle, sheep and swine have been introduced, and are rapidly spreading over the country; in short, the elements of individual and national prosperity were never more fully developing themselves than now. Let the farmer be thankful.

## The Irish Vegetable Pills.

We see it stated, (says the Louisville Advertiser,) and having no doubt of the truth of the statement, hasten to lay it before our readers, that good Irish potatoes make the most valuable vegetable pills at present known. This medicine is admirable in its effects—working kindly with the system and being entirely digestible. They should be prepared by roasting till they become “mealy,” butter and salt then to be added in proper proportions; or, they may be taken mashed, hot, with plenty of juice of a roasted turkey, or any other palatable gravy that will make them easy to swallow.—The patient must exercise his own judgment as to the proper quantity to be taken; as a general rule, however, three times a day will not be too often—exercise in the open air, after each dose, will be found highly beneficial.

## A Milder Sense of Duty.

At one of our seaport towns there stood (and, we believe, doth stand there still) a fort, on the outside of which is a spacious field, overlooking a delightful prospect of land and water. At the time we are speaking of, a Major Brown was the commandant; and, his family being fond of a milk diet, the veteran had several cows that pastured in the land afore-said; a sentry was placed near the entrance, part of whose duty it was to prevent strangers and stray cattle from trespassing therein. Upon one occasion an Irish marine, a stranger to the place, was on duty at this post, and, having received the regular orders not to allow any one to go upon the grass but the Major's cows, determined to adhere to them

strictly. He had not been long at his post when three elegant young ladies presented themselves at the entrance for the purpose of taking their usual evening walk, and were quickly accosted by the marine with “You can't go there!”

“O, but we may,” muttered the ladies with one voice, “we have the privilege to do so.” “Privilege,” repeated the sentry? “I ain't I don't care what you have, but ye mustn't go there, I tell ye; it's Major Brown's positive orders to the contrary.” “Oh—ay—yes—we know that,” said the eldest of the ladies, with dignity, “but we are Major Brown's daughters.” “Ah, well, you don't go in there any how,” exclaimed Pat, bringing his firelock to the port, “you may be Major Brown's daughters, but you are not Major Brown's cows.”

## Maxims of William Penn.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last, bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first, without the last, begins covetousness; the last, without the first, begins prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy is the place where that is found.

Love labor: for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and for thy mind.

Act not the shark upon thy neighbor, nor take advantage of the ignorance, prodigality, or necessity of any one; for that is next door to a fraud, and, at best, makes but an unblest gain.

## Immense Wealth.

The ancestor of the Thelluson family died in England about 130 years ago—directing by his will, that his property should accumulate for 150 years, interest upon interest, and then the existing *Young Thelluson* to come into possession of the whole. The period expires in 1848. The present Mr. Thelluson, in 1828, was forty years old, and poor; his son, the heir, was eight years old; so that in his twenty-eight year, he will be the master of *twelve million sterling, or upwards of fifty three millions of dollars!* Parliament tried to set the will aside at the time, but could not; they, however, passed an act, that no such will should be legal from that time forward.

Interest on \$53,000,000, is three millions one hundred and eighty thousand dollars per annum—two hundred and sixty five thousand dollars per month—eight thousand eight hundred dollars per day—three hundred and sixty-eight dollars per hour—six dollars per minute.

*Pat Astonished.*—An unfortunate Hibernian—no frequenter of large parties, consequently a noodle in gastronomy, ruminating in his bliss upon the bank of a southern creek, espied a terrapin pluming itself. “Och, honey!” exclaimed he solemnly, “that ever I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk.” “Whist!” said his wife, “don't be after making fun of the birds.”

We take from an exchange paper the following good ‘un:

“An artist in this city painted an imitation of a bottle of beer so naturally, that the cork flew out before he could point the string to fasten it.”

A negro in Philadelphia was recently brought up for having three wives, when in fact one was more than he deserved. Coffee said he did not see what harm *dar* was in taking as many wives as he liked, since he took only those that nobody else would take. This was good logic but bad law, and so he found it.

*A New Dish.*—The Boston Post tells a story of a toper who, coming home late and hungry, stuck his fork into a bowl of caps in starch which his wife had left on the table. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time, but finally, being unable to masticate them, he sang out to his wife—

“Old woman, where did you get your cabbagees—they are so d—d stringy, I can't chew them.”

“My gracious!” replied the good lady, “if the stupid feller aint eating up all my caps that I put in starch over night.”

*The Beauties of the Law.*—A law suit was recently decided in one of the courts of Mercer county, Pa., in which the original debt was \$7 07, and the costs \$204 94.

A damsel in Ayrshire, having two lovers and not knowing which one to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one, and immediately eloping with the other.

*To take Ink out of Linen.*—Dip the spotted part in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow, and the ink will come out with it.